

PREMIER

Old Style linen

Made
expressly for

Camp Life
at
Rockland

Sketches of "Our Camping Trip"

by J—

To ye, initiated in the plot,
This book fraternally is dedicated,
In charity peruse what's here related.

And if I have in aught prevaricated,
Have thought and said the thing ye
know is not,

May ye in silence take your grain of
salt,
And help the unbelief by others stated.

In the prayer of
Your humble servant
The Author

Members of "The

Wm. Earl, sen. Ladies Sporting Teacher, and
Professor of Piscatorial Science.

Mrs. W. Earl, Chief Superintendent of
Household Affairs.

Mrs. C. Smith, Chaparrone to the Camp,
and Supreme Censor of All Love
Affairs.

A. Goffman, sen. Rear Admiral, and Spe-
cial Authority on Marine Issues.

N. Paulson, Captain and Chief Director
of "The Rockland Deep Sea Fish-
eries."

Alex. Helleare, Chief Muleteer to the Camp.

Robert Neal, Cousin to the Camp, Knight
of the V V V.

Miss Rebecca V. Greene, Professor of Good
Nature, and Special Photographic
Artist to the Camp.

Rockland Camping Party of '98.

Miss Gertrude Simpson, Mother families to the Camp
Chum Earl, Peter do.

Miss Neva Gilfillan, Auntie to the Camp
George Juhl, Uncle do.

Miss Mary Smith,
Miss Marie Juhl,
Miss Christine Zoffman,
Miss Catharine Juhl,
Miss Ida Zoffman,
Frank Smith
Geo. Zoffman,
Fred Juhl,

The interesting Olive
Branches of Ma
and Pa, and
"Chief Hair
Eradicators" to
the latter.

Master Georgie Hellesoe, Camp Mascot.

Attaches.

Dolores Lugo, alias Peter Jackson, Honorary
Member and all around side de Camp.

Rafael Pico, Chef de Cuisine.

Lone Hills. And the way those girls left behind them the vanities of the world and came out in bloomers and short skirts and cowboy hats, and (must the truth be told?) occasional dirty faces — the way they emulated the boys in horse and mule-back riding, in climbing up hill and sliding down etc., and, I am afraid, even excelled some of them in their unlimited and wonderful capacity for "frijoles" and fried fish — why, any one loaded with half the worry and responsibility that poor Pa and Uncle labored under would have concurred with them in their final and sage conclusion: "Girls are queer animals!"

Chapter II

The morning of July 1st finds our jolly party assembled at the ranch of Mr. Earl on the San Antonio River, from where, after much confusion and

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delay in packing up various immensities
of camp paraphernalia, the start is
finally made with flying colors.

Auntie sits on the front seat of the
four in hand carryall, proudly waving
the Stars and Stripes, snapping its clinging
folds around the driver's neck in patriotic
ecstasy and scaring the original lead mule
into fits — for we are loyal Americans
all, although, alas, we might have been
taken for a band of Zulus or other un-
crashed aborigines on our return three
weeks later. Following the carryall comes
a spring wagon carrying, among other
august personages, our artist Photo-
grapher under the close and efficient
surveillance of our worthy Chaplaine.
Next in order are two couples on horseback
and last, but not least, comes the four
horse wagon containing the provisions
and camp equipment.

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On we go, over the low hills and oak dotted "mesas" forming the divide between the San Antonio and the Nacimientos, and in the fierce heat of the afternoon sun pick our tortuous way among the rocks and boulders cumbering the dry bed of the latter stream. The first symptoms of the coming camp appetite begin to make themselves disagreeably manifest, but there is no time to stop for lunch, the summit of the Coast Range must be reached before we can camp for the night and it is already late.

Here we are at last at the foot of the mountain where the road leaves the Nacimientos to turn up a cool, shady cañon and finally, after many a zigzag winding up the steep mountain side among the live oaks and madroñas, gain the summit of the Coast Range. The sun is low behind the

pine covered peaks and the green, leafy solitude of the cañon, after the heat and exertion of the days travel, invites one to linger - but the summit must be reached and the grade is steep. Everybody, with the exception of the drivers, is told to get off and walk; and the order is cheerfully obeyed, longings anticipations of the supper which will materialize in due time upon gaining that summit being a powerful stimulus to action.

Our goal for the day is made and "Old Glory" waves over our first night's camp. Our "inner natures" are satisfied and substantial beans and bacon have laid a solid practical foundation for subsequent poetical fancies and air castles built on the glorious mountain view and glimpses of the blue Pacific two thousand feet below us, almost at our

very feet. We lounge about in groups and singly, tired and content. The soft radiance of the July full moon shimmers dreamily through the pines, and the vocal talent of the camp, huddled together in a group on the moonlit hillside, enlivens the silence with musical strains of "Annie Laurie" and "Love's Golden Dream".

But we must rest and be prepared for the exertions of the morrow, for we are at the end of the wagon road and the rest of our journey must be made on foot and horseback. At length the ladies disappear into the tent while the boys stretch themselves on the ground outside in the moonlight, and even the rustling of the sea breezes through the pine boughs are the only sounds breaking the stillness of the night. Our first long to be remembered evening in camp is spent.

Chapter III.

We are early risers this morning and today an entirely different programme must be gone through with. Five miles of rough mountain trail lies before us, and two persons to each horse the camp possesses — to say nothing of a mountain of household goods which must also be transported. Pa and Uncle are secretly concocting some dark scheme or other but they keep mum and say nothing.

In due time a long cavalcade, with Uncle in the lead astride a long eared, bony mule, and Pa bringing up the rear to herd along the stragglers, winds along the mountain side, craving their adieux to those left behind in camp to await their turn for transportation. On, on we go climbing up, up along the crest of the ridge among pines and manzanita, with the ocean, now a drifting expanse of shimmering fog, clouds, booming against the rocks away below — but up here the sun shines warm and bright and

the air is fragrant with the scent of pine. What is the matter with Pa? Did somebody fall off? Oh no — it is our artist who, feeling the spirit moving her, is unlimbering her camera preparatory to taking a shot at us and Pa is shouting for the procession to stop and have their pictures taken.

It is done. Our Artist restores the camera to its case, and the column is again in motion. The trail winds along the nearly level top of the ridge now, and finally turns to the left down a steep mountain spur whose lower reaches are lost in the dense fog below.

Down, nearer and nearer to the fleecy clouds — and finally we stop. We have reached the point which Pa and Uncle in their mysterious whisperings and secret conferences of the morning have termed "The Jump Off." This is where the trail begins to descend in earnest, twisting and zigzagging down the precipitous side of the range

and decreasing its altitude by some two thousand feet in a distance of two miles before it finally brings us to our destination and sea level.

And here is where certain dark and sinister plans, which Pa and Uncle have long been hatching, and to which their secret whisperings of the morning bore reference, are relentlessly put into practice. The party is blandly requested to dismount and continue on to camp apart!

"Only a little ways, just down there," says Uncle, and points vaguely down into the vaporous world at our feet. "An easy little walk, all down hill - if you get tired just sit down and rest and we'll be along presently and pick you up" - and with reassuring smiles on their faces and black deceit in their hearts, Pa and Uncle turn the riderless horses back up the trail and depart with them to bring on the rear guard and commissary department,

leaving the advance column in the wilderness to "get there or die!"

While the advance column is working out its own salvation, let us return with Pa and Uncle to the Summit Camp, and in another chapter chronicle the fortunes of the rear division, and the packing and transportation of that very essential feature of our expedition, viz. the "grub."

Chapter IV.

What would we do without Pa? Who but Pa fathoms the intricate lore of the 'diamond hitch'? Who but Pa has the eye to determine the delicate poise and balance required to make a pack stick to a 'mowl' or horse? — The rest of us stand about in open mouthed, wondering uselessness while Pa dexterously piles on packages, big ones and little ones, square ones and round ones — ties ropes and cinches over and under and around the groaning animals in

bewildering complications — and before we know it, there are the two mules of our menagerie, loaded from ears to tail, wobbling along the trail in charge of our Chief Muleteer and his assistant, bound for tide water.

Three of the horses are likewise speedily loaded with camp trappings. A few odds and ends of kitchen utensils and bundles are tuck into convenient corners of the ladies saddles, (the boys have to walk) the humble, domestic setting of frying pans and tin plates and things tinging down and materializing the visions of loveliness said saddles contain.

Once more a long horseback procession — this time a mixed passenger and pack train — winds along the hillside, and our Summit Camp is deserted. The tinware and frying pans pendant from the side saddles keep up a merry jingle, jingle as we move along — Our Chaplain mounted in stately dignity, with a mixed collection

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of table service suspended from her belt, on a tall plowhorse, and Auntie sustaining the æsthetic side of the picture with a guitar held on her lap after the most approved artistic fashion. Pa disappears of walking and has succeeded in climbing onto Mike, the packhorse in his charge, where he poses in dangerous insecurity and at imminent risk of splitting himself lengthwise with his desperate efforts to bestride the two bulky mattresses into which, or under which, poor Mike has been inserted.

The fog of the morning has cleared away and the blue, level plain of the ocean stretches away unobscured to the horizon, where it meets and mingles with the sky in hazy indistinctness. Fences and little hayfields are visible, perched on the ridges sweeping precipitously downward from our very feet and terminating in rocky, wave-washed bluffs along the shore. In due time the

"Jump Off" is again reached where the advance party of the morning were left to their fate — but as no whitening bones greet our eyes by the wayside as we carefully pick our way down the steep incline, starting the stones and pebbles rolling and bounding down into the redwood tangled depths of the canon beside the trail, we conclude that they have safely reached camp, and a load of guilt is lifted from the uneasy consciences of Pa and Uncle.

The trail is decidedly rough and steep, and the emptiness, the want of something tangible before you, as your eye looks around over the abrupt edges of the occasional little plateaux you are traversing and sees nothing but blue sky or the blue expanse of waters far, far below, gives you a weird sensation of being poised in mid-air with but a narrow, precarious strip of ground under your feet — as though somehow you found yourself perched on

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the very edge of this material world of ours from whence your next step would launch you into space.

The ladies stick to their saddles bravely, though no one but themselves can say what their inner feelings are — if certain little surreptitious shivers and tightening of hands on reins and saddle pommels noticed in some of them may be taken as indicators, said feelings are none of the comfortable kind.

However, after much stumbling and sliding we finally reach a little firm covered plateau immediately above the camp — and we hear the welcome sound of the bell, the dinner bell of the camp, rising up from the redwood recesses of the canon, where the vanguard of our party has already arranged for our reception and are vigorously engaged in tolling said bell for our special benefit and edification.

It is time we were there too, for the sun is setting and the trails of this region are not made to be traversed after nightfall. After a final descent down the canon side where the tall redwoods, and the ferns and briars closing in and interlacing over the trail, almost exclude what little daylight is left, we reach the bottom of the canon and once more our party is reunited, whole, safe, and sound! The flag is raised aloft on the bell tower and "Old Glory Camp" at Rockland Lime Kilns, long planned and talked about, is an accomplished reality.

Chapter V.

We are settled and our establishment is taking on the respectable, orderly air of regular camp routine. Our house — a large building used as a boarding house when the lime quarries were being worked — has been duly arranged to suit our different needs. The ladies

have their boudoir, and the cook — oh yes, we employ that useful functionary in preference to trusting our gastronomic shelves to our own culinary efforts — lends it over a spacious kitchen and pantry, together with a dining room, where his duty requires him to satisfy twenty two voracious appetites three times daily. The accomplishment of the latter task occasionally worries poor Mrs. Earl who has kindly assumed the superintendency of the household and carries the keys — that is, should have done so if we had had any; and judging from certain mysterious excursions the young ladies occasionally make into the surrounding woods in company with concealed gooseberry pies, from which rambles they invariably return with said pies yet more effectually concealed — it would seem that keys would not have been a superfluity.

The remaining two rooms in the house are occupied as bachelor quarters, and like

the general run of masculine domiciles usually stand sadly in need of the occasional clean up, which our feminine contingent bestows upon them whenever their condition offends their sense of neatness past endurance.

Leaving our domestic arrangements thus in satisfactory working order, let us take a look at our surroundings. The fragrant pine timber of the dry mountain heights we have traversed has given place to tall, stately redwoods and a luxuriant jungle of ferns and vines thriving in the moist, shaded soil of the deep canyons opening out on the blue Pacific whose restless waves boom among rocky cliffs and caves in ceaseless monotony within a half mile of our camp.

The days glide by in unnoticed succession and in delightful, easy, "do as you please" liberty for all. In crowds or couples we roam about, exploring the canyons solitudes and feasting on the luscious wild

gooseberries that grow in profusion everywhere.
 Scrambling over rocks and fallen red-wood trees we make excursions to the water-fall — a beautiful bit of scenery in a narrow ravine opening out on the main canon. The stream is very low this season, and the thin thread of water that leaps over the rocky parapet is broken up into white, snowy foam, sparkling in rainbow colors wherever the beams of the afternoon sun, filtering through the dense foliage of the canon, touch it. In winter or early spring when the water is high, it falls in a beautiful fan shaped cascade over the precipice. The rather imposing height of the fall and the rugged grandeur of its surroundings, renders it an object worthy of more attention and renown than it receives — although its wild loneliness, its thoroughly nature tended character, as it murmurs through peaceful summer days or thunders with the winter floods — ceaselessly, day after

Picture of Miss Greene on the beach

day, year after year³⁷ in the lonely solitude of
its narrow gorge but seldom invaded by
the tread of man — constitute and in-
definable charm, which easy accessibility
and tourist sightseeing would somehow
seem to destroy. It is nature's own preserve,
and any attempt at human interference
or appropriation would seem a profan-
ation.

Then there is the wide view of sea and
rugged coast from the high bluff down at
the landing, and the bit of boulder strewn
beach at the mouth of the creek, where pen-
sive mermaids with streaming hair and
corky hats sit on the wet stones and
gaze "far, far away over the rippling waves",
and where we lounge about on warm af-
ternoons and read novels or make desper-
ate and generally successful efforts to pour
one another in the briny surf. A wetting is
a thing of common occurrence and the

Picture of Auntie and Mr. Earl fishing

frequent ducking tournaments which take place invariably result in the participants betaking themselves to camp in a more or less water logged condition — but no ill consequences ensue; in fact, the impromptu salt water baths seem to be beneficial rather than otherwise.

Delightful trout fishing excursions are undertaken by the ladies under the able tuition of our eminent piscatorial specialist Mr. Earl, who deftly picks them through the various contortions and subterfuges required to successfully "whip" the willow tangled reaches of the stream, and initiates them into the latest scientific methods of fishing with rod and "lyin".

Our Artist is kept busy photographing the beautiful bits of scenery which meet the eye at every turn and is sometimes attended on by Uncle, whose artistic aspirations have led him to master that branch of the profession which pertains to the carrying

Looking back from the
Summit.



2.

Breakfast at the Summit.



3
From the trail near
the Summit.



4 and 5?

Lies on one plate.

You see here both ends
of the journey

"Extremes meet."



6

Peggy and



7

The beach looking
toward the cañon.



8

The Canon



9

Up the coast



10 Dawn the coast.



12

The lime kilns.



13

Trout fishing



14

Waiting for a letter.



15 The cañon.



16

Redwoods at
Harlan's.



17. @ water fall.



18

The Fall



19 "The Children"



An Indian Maiden

20



21

The happy three.



A life-saving station

or

What are the wild
waves saying.

or

Unchaperoned.



The Seine River.

23



24

A windblown redwood.



25

The principal residence
street at the Simikulus.



26

Breakers.



27

The Point.



29

A dangerous trail.



The Hosbeck Family

30



31 Seal rocks.



From the Gomez Trail.

32



33

Homeward bound.



The Farewell

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of the camera, and the proper balancing of the artist on stumps and rocks and other difficult points of vantage.

Then there is the kitchen must be supplied which duty entails delightful horseback rides over the dizzy trails to forage the neighboring ranches for vegetables and fruit.

And fish! we have fish galore. Every day the boat goes out, manned by enthusiastic sportsmen — some of whom, alas, return miser and sadder boys and with an "aching void" where their breakfasts would have been if they had stayed on terra firma. Boating "down the Coast" is a "Rocked In The Cradle of the Deep" affair, where the long, rolling swells coming in from the open ocean heave your little boat up and down, up and down, with an unmerciful, persistent regularity that works havoc with the uninitiated internal arrangements of the average landsman. However, the natural "I'll never go there again" feeling of those

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who come to grief is an efficient sort of weed-
ing out agent," and soon a select fishing crew
of immunes is evolved, who keep the table
abundantly supplied with the finny de-
licacies.

Progressive Pedro! Why, the house is a
veritable Monte Carlo every evening, with
poor Uncle — who doesn't know how to play
and can't learn — in his forlorn, re-
flected state almost ready to do the suicide
act and thus furnish the only missing
point of resemblance to that celebrated
resort.

Chapter VI.

The ladies room is full of card tables,
a long vista of knitted brow and clubs and
spades and hearts and diamonds is rang-
ed along the dining table — cards, cards
everywhere. Uncle sits disconsolately on
the floor (the chairs are all occupied) and
looks longingly at the little refreshment
table. He reaches forth a timid hand for

an apple — and is promptly sat down upon by Auntie who has kept a watchful eye on his movements. Utterly subdued and squelched he crawls off to bed.

Fa's Olive Branches give a Grand Ball to night. The rooms are handsomely decorated, the services of the renowned "Rockland Orchestra" have been secured for the occasion, and to the inspiring strains of mouth organ, cornet and mandolin we — to quote the "Rockland Society Journal", or rather, to quote what would undoubtedly have been the sage comment of that journal had it existed — "trip the light fantastic too".

What is that terrible uproar in the boys den? It cannot be Fa snoring, it is nearly noon and besides, it sounds more like the mad shuffling of feet. We go and peek through the window and behold — Oh Horror of Horrors! Those awful boys have dragged poor Ma in there and are sacrilegiously

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endeavoring to invest her screaming, squirming form in the ample folds of Cousin's gorgeous pink — non-nocturnal habiliment! We struck and paralyzed at their temerity we stand watching the exciting struggle, when Cousin's step is heard approaching through the rooms. In a flash the profaned vestment is returned to its rail behind the door while with much less of reverence and tenderness poor Ma is ejected head foremost through the window just as "the enemy" turns the door knob of the room. Cousin looks glum, but the boys are innocently viewing the scenery through the window, and his supplicans, if he has any, remain unexpressed.

"The night shades are falling etc." and Auntie and Uncle have gone for an evening walk down to the cliff. It is intensely dark under the redwoods on the narrow trail, but Uncle leads the way and he knows where he is going. More and more rugged and

unfamiliar grows the way, and finally Uncle
 stops, takes off his hat and scratches his head
 in a meditative, uncertain manner. Lost!
 lost in the wild woods with night and dark-
 ness around them! Lost amid the rocks
 and precipices reverberant with the fierce
 roar of the mountain lion! — Their plight
 is desperate, but Uncle is undismayed.
 Proudly his bosom swells as he strides along
 with Auntie trembling on his arm. Is he
 not the sole protector and rescuer of a beau-
 tiful damsel in distress? Come on ye war-
 ring lions and crawling snakes! I am a
 match for ye! Come on ye spooks and
 spectres! ye cannot touch her while I am
 alive! Come on ye — and Uncle ignom-
 iniously falls into a hole by the side of the
 trail and is promptly rescued by an ener-
 getic pull from the strong arm of Auntie,
 who has been walking by his side all the
 while, serenely enjoying the novelty of the
 situation.

We are having company for dinner today. Judge Longan of San Jose and a party of San Jose gentlemen have come over the mountains on a hunting expedition, and have found our retreat. The ride down the mountain trail has been severe on the corpulent Judge, and he is quite willing to ignore the "bench" of our establishment for the superior comfort and rest to be derived from a common chair. After a short and, to us at least, pleasant visit the gentlemen depart, leaving a newly killed deer for our kitchen and their pictures in the capacious insides of our artist's camera.

Poor Ma: her kindly features are gradually taking on an expression of most diabolical ferocity, due to the insidious attacks of poison oak. Daily she is exercising her medical lore in the compounding of fearful and wonderful decoctions of bearberries and "yarbs" — the effect of their application to her face overnight leaving

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her loving friends in painful uncertainty
as to which side of the "color line" to place
her on her appearance in the morning. Ah,
Ma! Ma! you heartlessly laughed at the
late predicament of poor Auntie and Uncle,
but retribution is coming, sure and swift.

Ma and Ma have gone horseback riding.
Once more "the night shades are falling"
and it is time they were back. The hours
glide by and still no sign of the truants.
Ten o'clock. We are getting anxious, our
Chaperone looks worried, evidently dark
suspicions of an elopement are crossing
her mind. Uncle is laboriously turning
over in his mind whether, as sole remaining
guardian of the family, it would behoove
him to offer out of his own pocket, the mag-
nificent reward of twenty five cents for the
safe recovery of the fugitives. — Ah! here they
come at last with a dismal tale of losing the
trail in the darkness, and of floundering up

hill and down dale in vain attempts to find it again — and of having to get off of their horses and walk for miles, feeling their way with their fingers, etc. However, the family peace of mind is restored. Our Chaparrone says not a word, she appears to have convinced herself that the weather and the prospects for the next days fishing were the most momentary topics discussed on the trail to night — Well, so be it.

Chapter VII.

There is the bustle and stir of preparation for a journey going on. The ontrail carrier has brought an invitation from Pacific Valley people for an party to come down and spend the night.

The horses have all been brought in from the mountains and stand saddled and bridled before the door. Sixteen of us are going and there is but fourteen horses, but by two of the boys alternately taking turns at playing Lochinvar behind the ladies, that dif-

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ficully is pleasantly overcome — at least to the boys if not to the horses. All mounted and ready, with those of the party who are not going standing around to see us off, we pause a moment and put on our most winning smiles while the sun and our artist's camera fix the scene for future reference. Then we are off single file along the trail, ready for any adventure that may befall us — we think we are, at least.

Along the coast trail lies our way, through drifting, fleecy ocean fog clouds playing hide and seek over the rugged mountain sides and among the redwoods of the gulches. High above the roar of the breakers the trail winds like a narrow thread along the abrupt seaward faces of the steeply descending ridges — the very edge of the continent. Each turn around a mountain shoulder outlines the rider ahead of us sharply against the sky, and looking downward, wherever a break in the rocky cliff gives us a view of the beach, we catch glimpses of the white, gleaming surf,

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the muffled booming of which continually ascends to our ears.

We halt for lunch on a little level plateau below the mouth of Mill Creek. At this point the trail descends to the beach to avoid certain impassable gulches of the mountain side. It is well along in the afternoon by the time we resume our journey, but we are not far from our destination now and have no need to hurry.

But here we meet with a serious difficulty for which no allowance was made in Pa's and Uncle's schedule. The tide is in, and in the narrowest part of the strip of beach we are traversing the breakers are dashing full against the cliff, apparently shutting off all further progress in that direction until the time of low water.

A disheartening situation indeed! The sun is low in the west and here we are, miles away from camp and from anywhere else. It is too late to go back, and forward our way is barred by long lines of surf chasing

each other and foaming and seething against the jutting points of rock. We have our provisions or blankets, so we cannot camp here until the tide goes out.

Disconsolately we look around. Nothing but frowning cliffs on our left and foaming surf on our right. The beach is our only road, we must get around those points of rock, sink or swim.

What is Cousin doing there, making his horse rear and plunge around in the water? Showing off his horsemanship? Ah Cousin, forgive the suspicion. 'your head is level. Of course, if we intend to ride around through the surf, obviously the first thing to be done is to get the horses accustomed to the water. Soon the boys are hard at work "breaking in" the animals, even Uncle bestides old Peggy and in fear and trembling urges her as far as the first point of rock, where he is fairly caught by an incoming wave, which, dashing against the cliff behind him, rears up and curls over backward, falling in a

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glorious cataract over his devoted head and extinguishing his ardor in short order.

The horses rear and plunge prodigiously, but by persistently rising their back and forth through the surf a few times we finally succeed in rendering two or three of them tractable enough to carry the ladies safely; and now for a while Pa and Cousin, who ride the best horses, are in great demand as escorts for the fair ones.

Riding their own horses and each leading another carrying one of the ladies, they watch for the moment when a receding wave leaves a narrow strip of swirling sand at the base of the cliff, when they dash through the pass and land their charges safely on the other side before the next incoming breaker closes up the passage. Three wave washed points must be rounded in this manner — and woe to the sluggard who lingers by the way and gets caught in the briny flood. But Pa and Cousin perform their duty with discretion and adroitness and soon have all the ladies

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assembled on the dry sand at the further side of the pass, safe and comfortable. The boys get around with the remaining horses as best they can, and once more the journey is resumed.

At last, lurch and lumpy, our cavalcade draw up at the house of our host-to-be, and here confronts us another difficulty that sends our already sadly tried spirits and fortitude down to zero. Although we see several faces pressed against the window panes "taking us in" figuratively, when, alas, our paramount need and wish of the moment is to be so dealt with literally — yet no one comes out to receive us. Surely there is some mistake. Either this is the family we have been invited to visit, or else we have been grossly hoaxed by the old mail carrier who delivered the invitation.

But we are not in condition to stand on delicate points of social form and etiquette, the situation is desperate and calls for heroic treatment. Pa and Uncle must to the front to effect an entrance by fair means or foul.

~~And~~ Timidly, hesitatingly, Pa knocks at the

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door, which is presently opened by the lady of the house. "Why, how do you do, Mr. —" she says cordially, "and where are you travelling to day?" "Oh, just down the coast," in a still, small voice from Pa. "You are rather late, aren't you?" the lady says. Poor Pa, his tongue is paralyzed and his knees knock together. Uncle is anxiously surveying his boots, evidently trying hard to locate his vanished heart and courage. "We have some ladies with us," finally blunts out Pa in desperation and points vaguely round the corner of the house, where the rest of us are anxiously awaiting our fate. "Oh, indeed! I didn't know, I was inside and did not see any one coming," the lady makes reply as she runs out to speak to the party.

After all, we are made royally welcome for the night and are most hospitably entertained. After supper a dance is got up in our honor, and it is after midnight when we betake our tired bones to rest — that is, with the exception of poor Auntie who, having retired to her room early in the evening, suffering with

a headache, slept ⁶⁹ soundly through all the
noise and hubbub that (dare we whisper it?)
she fell out of bed.

Chapter VIII.

"Get up, you lazy girls and get a move
on you, the sun has been up for hours and we
must visit the Seal Rocks to day and get back
to camp before night! — the boys slept out
in the haymow and had nothing specially
enticing there in the way of comfort to inspire
them with an undying attachment for their
couches. In due time even the worst sleepy
heads of the party put in an appearance
and, having enjoyed a substantial breakfast
and taken leave of our hospitable entertain-
ers, we once more climb into our saddles and
pursue our way down the coast, bound for
Seal Rocks.

The seals are at home, sunning them-
selves on their rock, cradling about and
tumbling off into the water and climbing
clumsily up again — all the while keeping
up a most unmelodious bellowing in a

most malodorous atmosphere. Our Artist,
after securing a shot at them with her camera,
is seized with a burning desire for scientific
research and is found to inspect a couple of
dead seals that are lying on the beach in a
decidedly "gamy" state of decomposition —
and she valiantly holds her nose and pursues
her investigations, heedless of the anxious pro-
testations of her escort who with tears in his
eyes is warning her of the dismal fate in store
for her if she loses her breakfast, and not
an edible thing to be had this side of camp
wherewith to repair the loss.

We spend an hour or more watching the
queer antics of the sea lions, and then face
about and commence our homeward journey.
Of course, with our usual heedlessness, we again
arrive at the difficult tide water pass just as
the tide is at its highest, and have to ferry our-
selves around as before — but we are used to
that performance now and do not mind
it. This time one of our young ladies gets a
shower bath which she takes with angelic

resignation.

Arrived at the place — on our way to camp — where our horses are pastured, we unsaddle those animals, turn them loose to graze, and set out to accomplish the remaining two miles on foot. Finally, at sundown, our party straggles into camp, tired out and with vast vacuous spaces in their "inner regions" that sorefully deplete the already diminished contents of our camp larder in the filling.

Chapter IX

The camp is plunged in woe and mourning and in vain the cook is looking for the dinner onions that have been surreptitiously abstracted from his kitchen by the grief-stricken crowd, to be used on the melancholy occasion of Miss and our artist's departure for home. Our worthy chaperone evidently considers that, with the absence of those two, the rest of the young folks may be safely trusted to behave themselves, and that the ministrations of her office may be henceforth dispensed with — at any rate, she has determined to go out with them.

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Pa and one of his stalwart boys, who are to act as guides and escorts, bring up the horses. The ladies mount, kindly good-byes and handshakes are exchanged and the little party soon disappears among the redwood thickets—leaving behind them a feeling of sadness and loss, a realization of the fact that our jolly, congenial family is breaking up— that in a few days the rest of us must also leave this pleasant spot, our party of friends will be scattered and the happy weeks spent at Rockland be a memory of the past—to be repeated, when? History never repeats itself, they say.

No flour left in camp, and our bread! — It is human nature always to sigh for the unattainable and to prize above all else that which we have not. Fish and potatoes have lost their charm, beefsteak is stale, even fried abalones cease to delight our bread hungry palates. Bread, bread is what we want! Ah, when is Pa coming back with the flour he promised to bring with him on his return from civilization?

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We have waited and waited, and here it is almost bed time and no Pa — and no flour! Evidently he is not coming to night. Disconsolately we make up our minds to an other weary day of breathless misery, when suddenly Pa's cheery voice is heard outside the door. Thadde, ravenously, we grab the sack of flour from him, the fire in the stove is re-kindled into a blaze, "tortillas" are made and devoured as fast as they can be turned out with an utter abandon of ceremony and table manners, and an eagerness and zest that is worthy of — no, we won't say 'a better cause', the cause seems all important and sufficient to us.

What sorry looking, bedraggled specimens of water logged humanity are those straggling up from the beach? Two of them are ladies and they all look as though they had been pickled in brine? — Well, they have been. They are shipwrecked mariners, poor cast away voyagers, come to grief on a bleak, inhospitable shore. Here is the sad, sad tale of the sea:

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Auntie and her young lady friend have been developing a morbid propensity, and a desire to have the elements and the horrors of seasickness in a boat ride on "the rolling deep." The boat is duly chartered for the voyage and the services of a competent Captain and first mate are secured. And now let us in fancy embark with them, "batten down the hatches" on our dinners, and follow their fortunes on the briny wave.

We get ready for the launch. Captain takes his place amidships with the oars, the ladies get aboard and First Mate, with his trousers tucked up to his knees, stands on the sand at the stern, ready to push the boat out through the surf when the right moment arrives!

"Ready there! Now send her through!" — and out goes the boat on the retreating wave, First Mate nimbly jumping in as she gets afloat. We ship an uncomfortable quantity of water, owing to our being just a second behind time at the launch and thus getting partly caught in the next succeeding breaker — but we are afloat.

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Captain pulls away at the oars and says never
a word, while First Mate coolly bails the
water out with a tin can. The Ladies look scared
but make no remarks — evidently they are com-
posing their minds into the happy belief that
boats are always launched thus.

What a glorious view of the rugged coast
we have as we pull out to sea. A lofty mountain
wall stretching its rocky, pine covered ridges
before us as a barrier to the sea, whose heaving
swells chase each other ceaselessly towards it
and break against the bases of its jutting head-
lands and dizzy, cave hollowed cliffs in a
long white line of glistening surf. Far to the
north we see the long sweep of the mountain
spur terminating in the promontory of
Point Bar, its outline clearly defined against
the blue of the sky, while on the southeast the
Los Burros Ridge and the bold, isolated rock
off Point Corda bounds the view.

Captain stops rowing and we drift with
the tide and enjoy the beauty of the scene and
the easy, swinging motion of the boat on the

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glassy waves. The weather is perfect and the sea so calm as the old Pacific ever gets to be on this exposed portion of the coast - and with our lady passengers we do not venture outside of the friendly shelter of Lopez Point, where the heavier swell rolls in unchecked from the open sea.

Our feminine tars are behaving splendidly, are not a bit seasick and declare they could stay here all day, but Captain is getting hungry and presently we put about and make for port.

The critical moment has come and we must make the landing through the surf. Captain turns the boat around and backs it, stern foremost, slowly in towards shore, meanwhile looking over his shoulder watching for a suitable wave to rush us in onto the beach. First Mate kneels in the stern, his hands on the gunwale, ready to jump out and hold her against the undertow the second she touches the sand. For one thrilling instant we are poised on the frothy crest of the breaker, there! "Give way there send her in quick!" and in we shoot through the turbulent crater of the spent wave.

Alas, our load is too heavy, and our wave

has left us stranded far short of the place of safety. We are in for it now — the next breaker must inevitably swamp the boat.

First Mate has jumped out and desperately tries to pull the boat up out of harm's way, but he cannot move her. In blank dismay we stare into the green, foam crested wall of water that already rears itself sheer over the doomed craft with its precious load. First Mate makes a lightning mental calculation of its height and finds it about four hundred feet — but no time is given him to further verify his impression in a second the crash has come, everything seems indiscriminately mixed in a briny avalanche of water — and when the commotion has subsided sufficiently to allow him to realize the state of affairs, he finds himself sprawling flat on his back with his nose bare, out of water and the boat, brimful of water and with its half drowned occupants, on top of him.

As the wave recedes the boat slides off of First Mate, and that discomfited mariner regains his feet and struggles with all his might and main to hold the boat and pre-

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vent the undertow, rushing like a millrace down
the steep incline of the beach, from dragging it
back into the surf.

But the breakers are regular and punctual
in their recurrence — most inconveniently,
so when you are at their mercy. The catastrophe
which takes minutes in the telling is seemingly
consummated by those relentless floods in
seconds, and we have hardly time between ducking
to realize what is happening to us.

Again we are overwhelmed by a framing
billow, and the identical performance once
gone through with is repeated. This time Captain
jumps out to the assistance of First Mate, who
had almost resigned himself to the thought of
a protracted retirement to Davy Jones' Locker
— and between them they manage to hold the
swamped boat until the retreating waters once
more leave it on the sand.

And the girls? Why, they scream and faint
away of course? — Not a bit of it. There they sit,
drenched through and through and up to their
waists in water, taking their duckings with stoic
al resignation and never opening their mouths.

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"They can't," you ill-naturedly say, "they are too scared, and besides, sea water is nasty to swallow." Well, they may be frightened, but they behave like regular old salts and do just as they are told to do — and when, on the subsidence of the second breaker, Captain as a last resort gives the order: "Quick girls, jump and run for it!" they obey with alacrity and safely reach the shore, to the heartfelt relief of him and First Mate.

Relieved of the weight of its occupants the boat becomes more manageable, and with the assistance of Cousin and Mr. Earl, who have come to the rescue, we manage to drag it further up the beach, where we empty the water out and drydock it in its accustomed place.

Proudly we survey our battered, demoralized appearance. What matter? We have made the sensation of the day, have accomplished the first shipwreck in the annals of our Rockland boating experience, and — and the wild gooseberry bushes around the camp burst forth into strange and wonderful bloom in the shape of drying garments, while the actors of the marine

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tragedy in their emergency costumes would pass muster as new and original models for misfit clothing advertisements — or scare away the boldest bird from the most prolific cherry tree that ever grew.

Chapter IX.

Our last day in camp has come, and to-morrow we leave for home.

How time has flown. It is more than two weeks since we left civilization behind us. We have sadly deteriorated in our personal appearance, the damp sea breezes rough with salt and mournful cadence through tousled hair and unshaven whiskers — while the danger of some of us eventually leaking out through the ever widening and increasing holes and rents in our wearing apparel has been daily becoming more imminent and alarming.

We all spend this our last evening in camp, on the cliff and the beach, and take a long farewell of the place where we have spent so many happy hours. It is late when we return to camp and still the two boys, who have been sent out to bring

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in the horses for to morrow's trip, have not returned. What can be the matter?

Finally they return bringing a number of the horses and report having lost two of them in the darkness, they (the horses) having got away from them up on the mountains and struck out for home, one carrying a side saddle with her. Bad omen — that means trouble feet for two.

However, we retire for our last night's rest at "Old Glory Camp" and sleep the sleep of the just — blissfully ignorant of additional equine desertions that take place during the night to strike blank despair to our hearts in the morning when the final inventory of our remaining wags and means of transportation is made.

The morning has come and the above mentioned inventory shows that we have just enough animals left to pack the camp outfit, and two extra ones for riding. The thought of walking to the summit of that mountain range strikes us with dismay, but there is no help for it, our only hope — and a very faint one it is — lies in our catching up with the absconding brutes on the homeward trail.

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The packing up does not involve the labor it did that happy morning at Summit Camp, described in the commencement of this narrative, for alas, our sojourn in this hungry land has reduced our stores of provisions to a most alarming minimum — the contemplation of which fills us with dread forebodings of hardships yet to be endured before we reach home and plenty.

Bravely we set out on our weary climb. We pick up one of our deserting horses on the trail — she having fallen into a gulch whence she had no way of getting out again by herself — and now the ladies can ride by turns which relieves the situation to some extent. Our homeward trail, by a different route from that we came in on, takes us through the beautiful, dense redwood forest of the Mill Creek Cañon, and after hours of toil we finally reach the old Summit Camp where we spent the first happy night of our outing.

Once more we pitch our camp here, but with what different feelings from those that animated us then. The joys and pleasures to which we then looked forward with eager expectancy are past, nothing remains but the contemplation of our

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return to the old groove — the old, familiar routine of our everyday lives.

Our frugal supper of boiled fish and potatoes is over. We are tired and cross with the exertions of the day and have no heart for "Humie Laurie" or the beauties of the night scenery as of yore. Bed is the proper place for us, and there we bestow ourselves accordingly.

Pa and Uncle shoulder their blankets and retire a short distance down the narrow mountain road we must traverse in the morning; and by making up their bed directly across said road in its narrowest spot they fondly imagine they have closed up the only gap by which any homesick horse could make his exit, were he so disposed. Sleep on, ye tired mortals! let our visions of escaping horses and long, weary miles of walking disturb your rest! Pa and Uncle watch over you!

Chapter XI.

The sun rises bright and hot up here high above the ocean fogs, and Pa and Uncle awake and rub their sleepy eyes. "Lark! what are they shouting to them from up the road?" "Have you

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seen any horses down there?" "No," Pa replies, "aren't they around camp?" "Some of them are, but Stebs has disappeared," comes back the answer. "Well, he can't have passed us without our knowing it," is the confident assertion of Pa and Uncle as they turn around to inspect the bars they had put up across the road the evening before, the better to insure the horses remaining with us.

The bars are down! A horrible suspicion crosses the minds of the two valorous sentries, and they look for horse tracks on the ground. Sure enough, Stebs has stalked right past their bed, has planted his big hoofs within six inches of their devoted heads while they snored away in peaceful oblivion of all duties — and has broken down the gate and made his escape.

Humbly and shamefacedly the two discomfited guards make their way to camp and breakfast — to be duly laughed at by the crowd and made to feel the enormity of their remissness.

However, from here our road lies all down hill for miles, and we find that with our still further reduced stock of horseflesh we can yet

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manage to haul the wagons and our precious selves down to the San Miguelito gate, where we are reasonably sure of catching up with the ungrateful brutes of horses provided some one has not left said gate open! Accordingly, after a scanty breakfast of more fish and potatoes — the somewhat frequent recurrence of which menu of late has all but accomplished the untimely end of poor Cousin, in the prime of his youth and vigor — we load up the wagons and, with all brakes applied to hold them on the steep downward grade we in due time reach the Tacimiento and stop for lunch.

Lunch! What pleasing visions of tender gastronomic delights the word conjures forth! And how incongruous its application to our present meagre feast! — Our 'lunch' consists of one little bread and butter sandwich apiece. Tenderly, carefully, it is searched for among the multitudinous articles contained in the wagons and is finally found.

Horror! how came it in that condition? It here transpires that our worthy Rear Admiral,

in the hurry burly of the morning packing up had unwittingly mistaken an diminutive ladder for a package of dry goods, and had securely rammed it into a sack of bedding with both feet. It is a cruel blow to our already sorely tried stock of fortitude, but as yet the camel's back is not broken, and with beautiful resignation we proceed to imbibe our rations of bread and butter with the aid of teaspoons.

How hungry we are! Mentally we calculate the weary miles yet intervening between us and home, and make covert estimates of the probable nutritive value of our boots. Poor Pa, in vain endeavors to still his internal cravings, even seizes on the sugar bowl and greedily devours its contents — utterly regardless of painful digestive difficulties into which such a proceeding might involve him.

Arrived at the San Miguelito gate we find most of our horses there as we expected. Pressing them into service for the remaining hilly portion of the road we in due course of time

once more find ourselves at the ranch of Mr. Earl from where our expedition set forth so auspiciously — it seems three months ago, and yet it is but as many weeks.

Our camping trip is finished. The Rockland Camping Party of '98 disbands — to muse on pleasures past and gone until its reconvention at the Rockland Lime Kilns "The Next Dry Year!"

Tinis —

